

MARVEL

3

LGY#651



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WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-DEGREE RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY AS...

THE WORLD BELIEVES MATT MURDOCK IS DEAD, LEAVING HIM TO FULLY LIVE AS **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

HIS PARTNER IN LIFE AND PROTECTING HELL'S KITCHEN, **ELEKTRA NATCHIOS**, HAS MADE PLANS FOR THEM TO LEAVE NEW YORK CITY TOGETHER TO RULE **THE FIST**, THE ANCIENT AND EQUAL OPPOSITE TO THE DEADLY **HAND** NINJA CLAN.

EN ROUTE TO SAY HIS GOODBYES TO HIS FORMER FLAME, **KIRSTEN McDUFFIE**, DAREDEVIL WAS AMBUSHED BY AN OLD FRIEND: **ROBERT "GOLDY" GOLDMAN**, WHO SPOUTED DELUSIONS OF PULLING THE STRINGS OF MATT'S TWO LIVES FOR YEARS AS HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL. GOLDY'S RECENT ACTIONS LED TO THE EXPLOSION OF KIRSTEN'S TRAIN PLATFORM. THOUGH KIRSTEN SURVIVED, SHE AND MATT PARTED WAYS.

GOLDY IS A MYSTERY MATT DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO SOLVE, FOR HE MUST TURN HIS ATTENTION TO RAISING THE FIST...

THE RED FIST SAGA

PART 3

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...AN
UNDEAD NINJA
ARMY.



IT'S MORE THAN THAT. **THE HAND** IS
MILLENNIA OLD--SET ON BRINGING
ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF
HUMANKIND TO FEED ITS
MASTER IN HELL.

I'M A COP.
WHO ARRESTS
OTHER COPS.



I KNOW
THIS ALL SOUNDS
CRAZY...BUT I
WOULDN'T BE HERE
IF THIS WASN'T
IMPORTANT.

I'M
HEADING
DOWN A HARD
ROAD AND I
NEED HELP,
COLE.



AGAIN, I'M
A COP. YOU HAVE,
WHAT, THAT NEW
DAREDEVIL?

AND SHE'S
BUILDING AN
ARMY?

I'M NOT
GOING TO LEAVE
NEW YORK TO GO
ARREST ZOMBIE
NINJA WITH
YOU.



I'M NOT A VIGILANTE,
I KNOW THERE ARE
DAYS WHEN I WISH
I COULD BE...

...BUT I'M
JUST NOT. I MAY
BE DISILLUSIONED
WITH THE LAW, BUT I
NEED IT. I NEED THOSE
GUIDEPOSTS. I
CAN'T JUST--

I
KNOW...



...BUT THOSE **GUIDEPOSTS**
SENT ME TO PRISON. AND
MY EYES WERE OPENED
THERE.

THINGS ARE
BROKEN. THIS ISN'T
JUST ABOUT SOME
"ETERNAL WAR." THAT'S
ONLY ONE PART OF
THE PLAN.

I'M BUILDING
SOMETHING
THAT'S GOING TO
MAKE **BETTER**
GUIDEPOSTS.

SOMETHING
THAT'S GOING TO DO
WHAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED
TO AND **GUIDE PEOPLE**
INTO BETTER LIVES INSTEAD
OF REPEATING THE SAME
CYCLES AGAIN AND AGAIN.

BUT I NEED YOU WITH ME, THIS IS ABOVE BEING A "VIGILANTE."

THE ONLY LAWS GOVERNING THIS ARE IN DUSTY OLD MANUSCRIPTS IN LONG-DEAD LANGUAGES.

THERE ARE NO RULES WHERE I'M GOING...

...AND I'M WORRIED.

I'M WORRIED THAT I'M GOING TO DO THINGS I SHOULDN'T DO.

THAT THE COMPROMISES THAT COME WITH WAR-- WITH LEADING--WILL DRAG MY SOUL TO HELL.

YOU'RE SMART, A FIGHTER, BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I NEED YOU WITH ME, COLE.

I NEED YOU BECAUSE...

...YOU'RE A GOOD MAN.

WHO KNOWS RIGHT FROM WRONG WITH MORE RESOLVE...

...THAN... THAN MAYBE I HAVE WHEN I'M DAREDEVIL.

AND ALL I AM NOW IS DAREDEVIL.

I DON'T KNOW... IT'S JUST NOT--

JUST THINK ABOUT IT. THAT'S ALL I'M ASKING.

Heartbeats and heat give away so much.

I can sense when people are lying. But also...



NO
PRESSURE.

...when they're
excited by a
new idea.

I know when
someone is going
to say *yes*.

Cole is in.



It's a relief. I've
lingered in New York
too long.

Elektra needs me.
Construction on *the
Fist* headquarters is
almost done.

And I'm still
here, shaken,
collecting
people...



...after
everything that
happened with
Goldy.

Is it *true*? Has my life--my
tragedies--been one man
pulling invisible *strings*?

To make me a
"better hero"?



Does that really
make anything
different? My
faith has always
meant that I
knew *God* was
there, weaving
my tragedies
and victories
together...

Should it matter
now that *Goldy* is
the "middle man"
with *God* pulling
his strings?



I still need to make
the *decisions* that
bring me to whatever
fate *God* has in
store for me.

I still need to
build *His* *army*.
Cole is great...



CAGE

FOR
MAYOR

...but I also
need some
power.



BURNING
THE MIDNIGHT OIL,
MR. MAYOR?

OH,
COME
ON...



...IT'S
FOUR IN THE
MORNING.

CRIME
DOESN'T
SLEEP. AND
APPARENTLY,
NEITHER
DOES...



...PAPERWORK.

SORRY, MAN, BUT
I'M KIND OF BUSY.
THIS MAYOR GIG HAS
REQUIRED A TON OF
HOMEWORK.



IT'S
AMAZING, LUKE.
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE.

STEPPING
IN TO STOP FISK,
SIGNING UP FOR
THE ELECTION.

BUT FISK IS
GONE...



...YOU DON'T
HAVE TO DO THIS
ANYMORE.

NEW YORK
CAN HOLD ANOTHER
ELECTION, FREEING
YOU TO--



TO WHAT?
DROP-KICK THE
PURPLE MAN?
PUNCH THE NEW
KINGPIN?

LOOK,
MATT. I'M NOT
DISCOUNTING THE
TIME I'VE SPENT
DOING #@\$%
LIKE THAT...



...BUT THIS
IS--THIS IS
BIGGER. YEAH, IT
STARTED OFF AS
A WAY TO STOP
FISK...

...BUT I
CAN EFFECT
REAL CHANGE
IN THIS OFFICE.





They *razed* Hell's Kitchen for profit that they never even needed.

It's all a *sick game* to them.

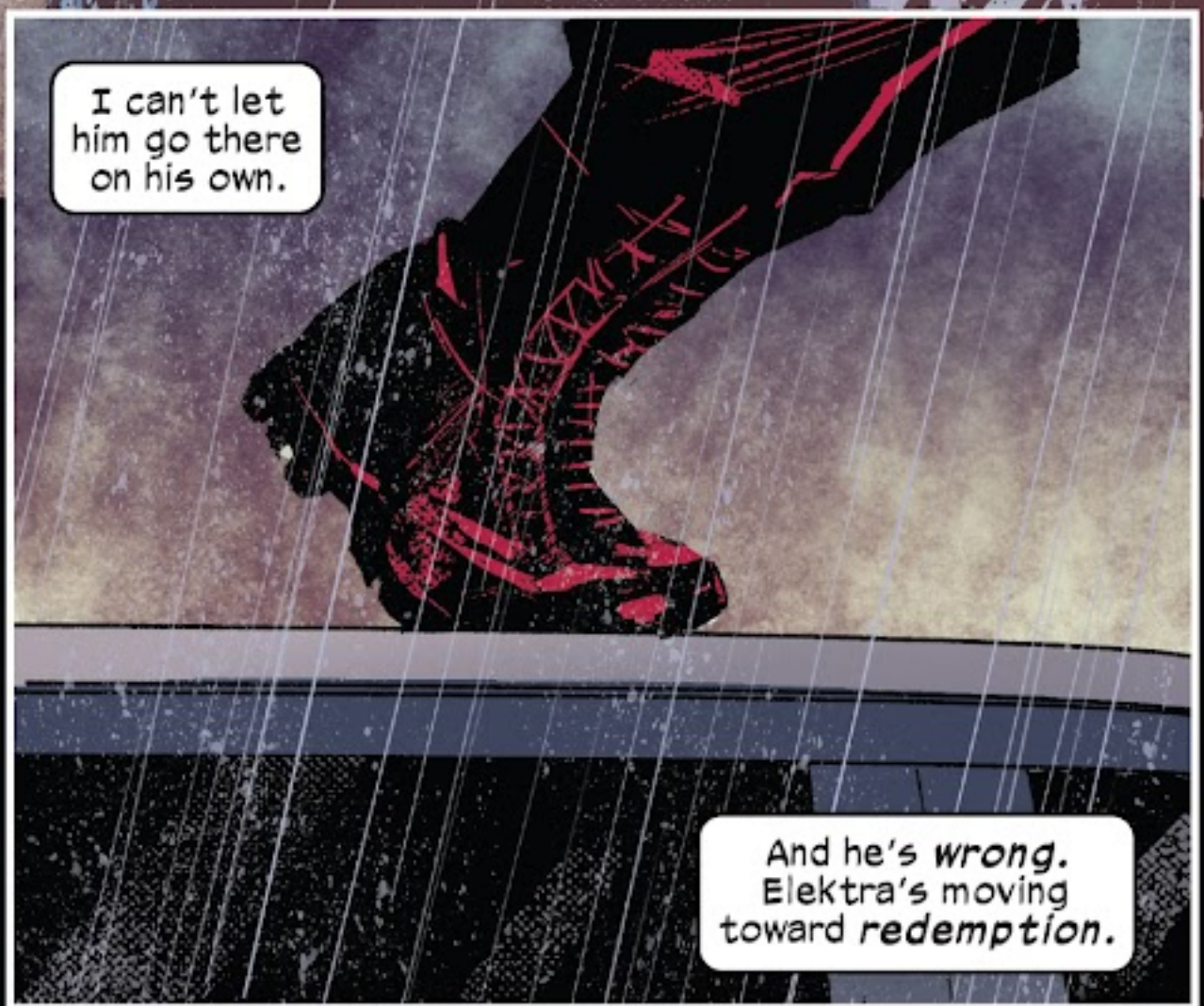


I hate that I'm leaving *New York* without dealing with them first.



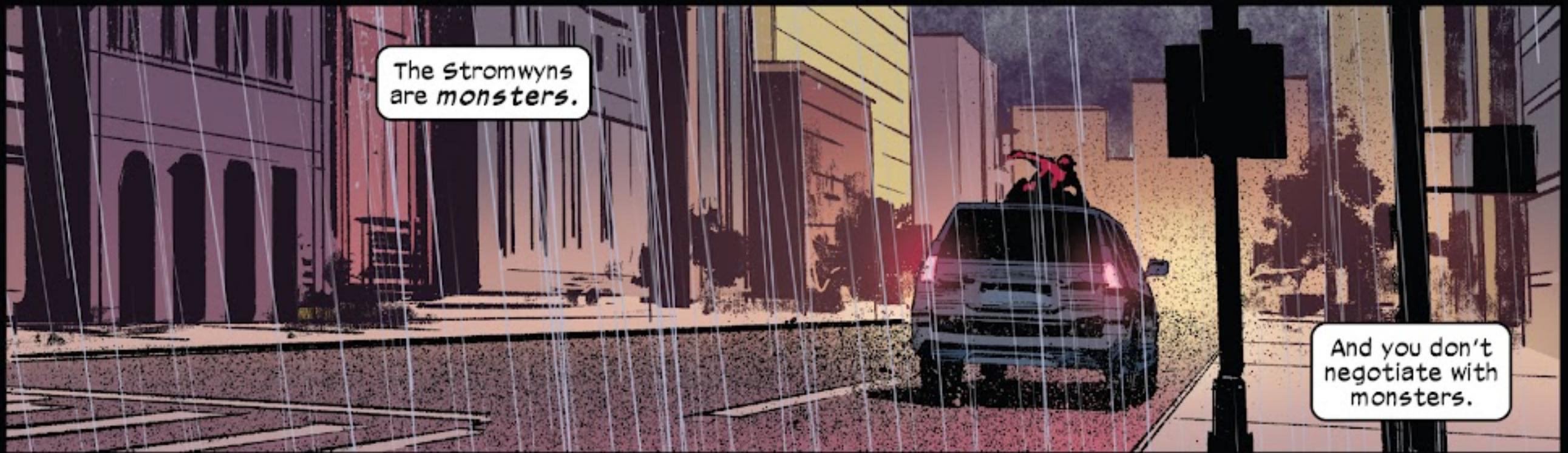
The city's in good hands with Luke, but he doesn't know *the Stromwyns* like I do.

There's *violence* in their actions.



I can't let him go there on his own.

And he's *wrong*. Elektra's moving toward *redemption*.



The *Stromwyns* are *monsters*.

And you don't negotiate with *monsters*.



WE APPRECIATE
YOU COMING OUT
HERE SO EARLY,
MR. MAYOR.



MR. AND
MS. STROMWYN
KEEP...**UNUSUAL**
HOURS THESE
DAYS.

NOT A
PROBLEM. JUST
GLAD THEY'RE NO
LONGER OUT
OF TOWN.

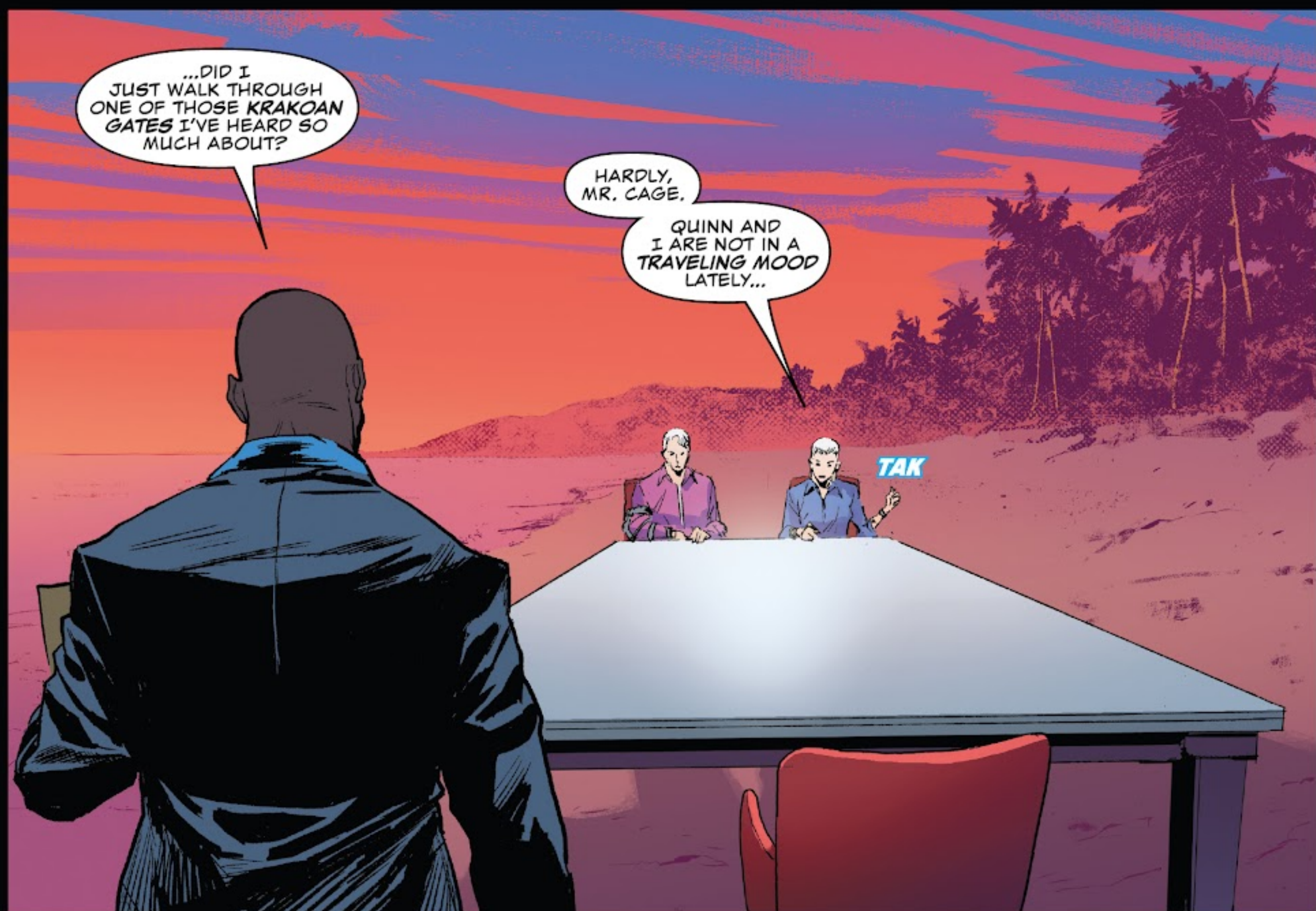
THEIR CAMPUS
IS HAVING ITS
SECURITY UPGRADED.
FOR NOW, THEY WISH
TO BE CLOSER TO
THE ACTION.

AND JUST A
GENTLE REMINDER:
NEITHER OF THEM ARE
FOND OF **CONTACT**, SO
THERE WILL BE NO
HANDSHAKES.



I'LL BE
BACK WHEN
YOU'RE READY
TO LEAVE.

HUH...

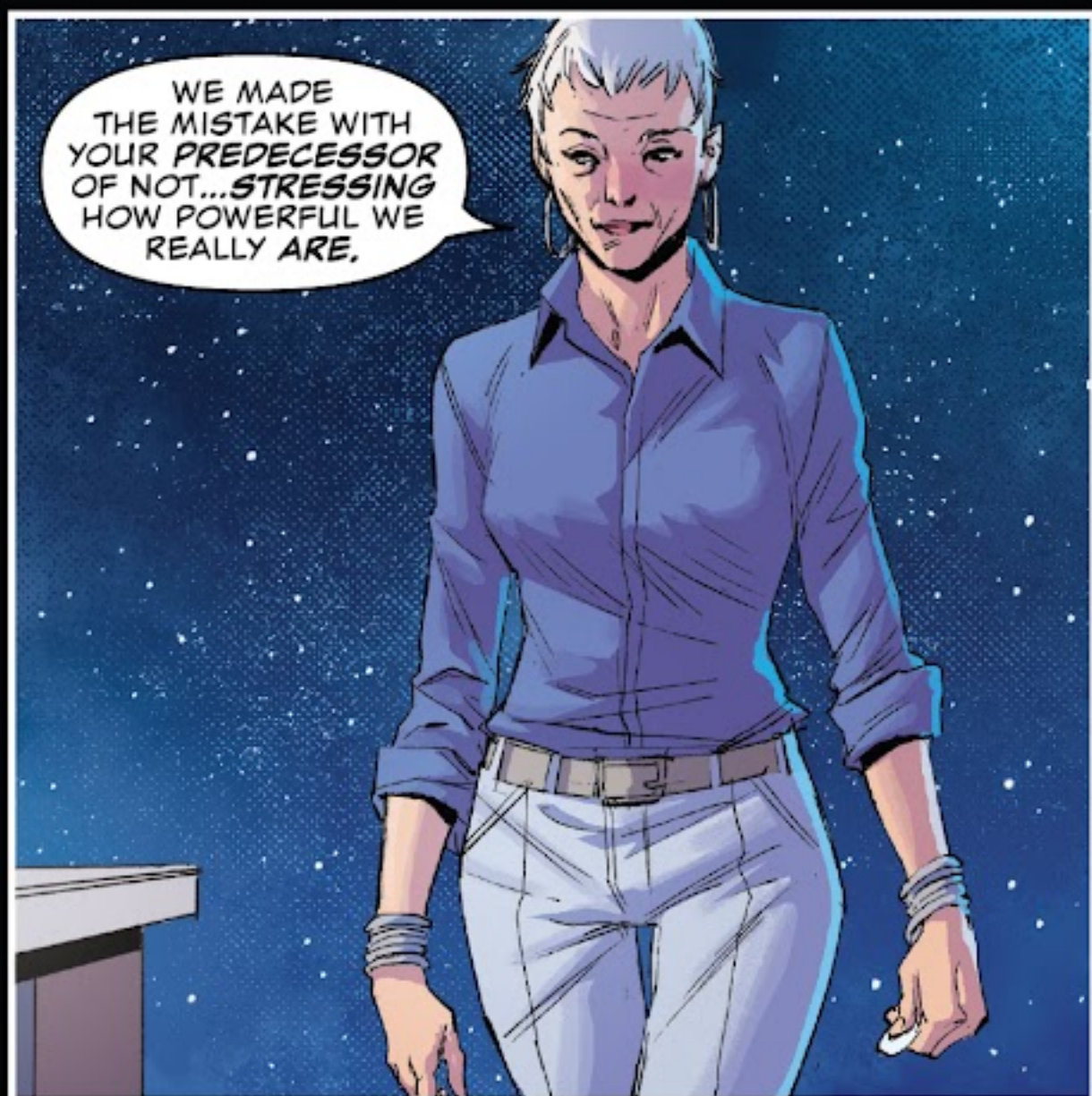


...DID I
JUST WALK THROUGH
ONE OF THOSE **KRAKOAN**
GATES I'VE HEARD SO
MUCH ABOUT?

HARDLY,
MR. CAGE.

QUINN AND
I ARE NOT IN A
TRAVELING MOOD
LATELY...

TAK





...BY MEETING THE MAYOR WHO WORKS FOR US PRESENTLY.

The room they're in is *soundproofed*...

...but that's not enough to stop *my* hearing.



IF A LAW DOESN'T SUIT US, WE'LL JUST CHANGE IT.

AND IF YOU GET IN OUR WAY, WE'LL--

BEFORE YOU FINISH THAT SENTENCE...



...I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE, IF THE NEXT WORDS OUT OF YOUR MOUTH THREATEN ME OR MY FAMILY...

...I DON'T CARE THAT I'M MAYOR.

I'LL PUT YOU IN THE HOSPITAL, BEST YOUR MONEY CAN BUY.

He won't. But the bluff is *strong*. So much so that his heart barely even registers it as a lie.



HMM. GOOD LUCK WITH THAT, MR. MAYOR.

BUT WE WOULD NEVER DREAM OF THREATENING YOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, DANIELLE. OR YOUR NEW SON, JOSEPH.* WE'RE NOT--

*SEE DEVIL'S REIGN: OMEGA #1! --ED





I'M NOT FISK. I'M ACTUAL POWER. AND I HAVE FRIENDS WITH MAGIC HAMMERS.

YOU'LL FIND MY PROPOSAL IN WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR TABLE.

TALK SOON.

YOU'LL NEVER GET TO US.



DO YOU HEAR ME?

WE'LL DESTROY YOU! AND YOU'LL NEVER LAY A FINGER ON US!

NO ONE WILL! EVER AGAIN!



YEAH, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.

The *Stromwyns* are hermits now. And they just got on the wrong side of Luke Cage.



I almost feel sorry for them.

New York's in good hands. I don't want to leave, but--



Wait. Someone's--



Dammit. Was hoping to sneak in and out without a *fight*...

DAREDEVIL.



...but that's not my *life*, is it?



WE'VE GREATLY ENHANCED OUR SURVEILLANCE SINCE YOU STOLE THREE BILLION DOLLARS FROM US.*



WHEN YOU'RE DONE THERE...

*SEE DAREDEVIL #16! --ED



...PLEASE DO
JOIN US NEXT
DOOR. WE JUST
FINISHED MEETING
WITH THE
MAYOR.

A trap.
Surely
a trap.



I may have
no fear...

KRSH



...but I'm
not *stupid*.



Once *Elektra*
and I destroy
the *Hand*, the
Stromwyns
are next.

No more
recklessness, no
more running in
without a *plan*.

From here on
out, I need
to be...



...ready.

MATTHEW MURDOCK.



Wait, who--can't pinpoint where--

RUNNING TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY...



...AND A BIGGER BATTLE.

Senses are having trouble making her out. Young? Old?

There's a *scent* though. Ash and wet stone. Sulfur and old cabbage.



Death.

THE HAND.

IT'S TRUE...



...I'M A PART OF THAT HUMBLE ORGANIZATION.

AND IT'S GROWN SO MUCH, MATTHEW.

SO VERY MUCH.







...she's taking
a more *active*
role.



Why can't I
get a *bead*
on her?

LITTLE
DEVIL...



...I CAME
TO TELL YOU...
THAT YOU HAVE *YOUR*
PROPHECIES AND I
HAVE *MINE*.



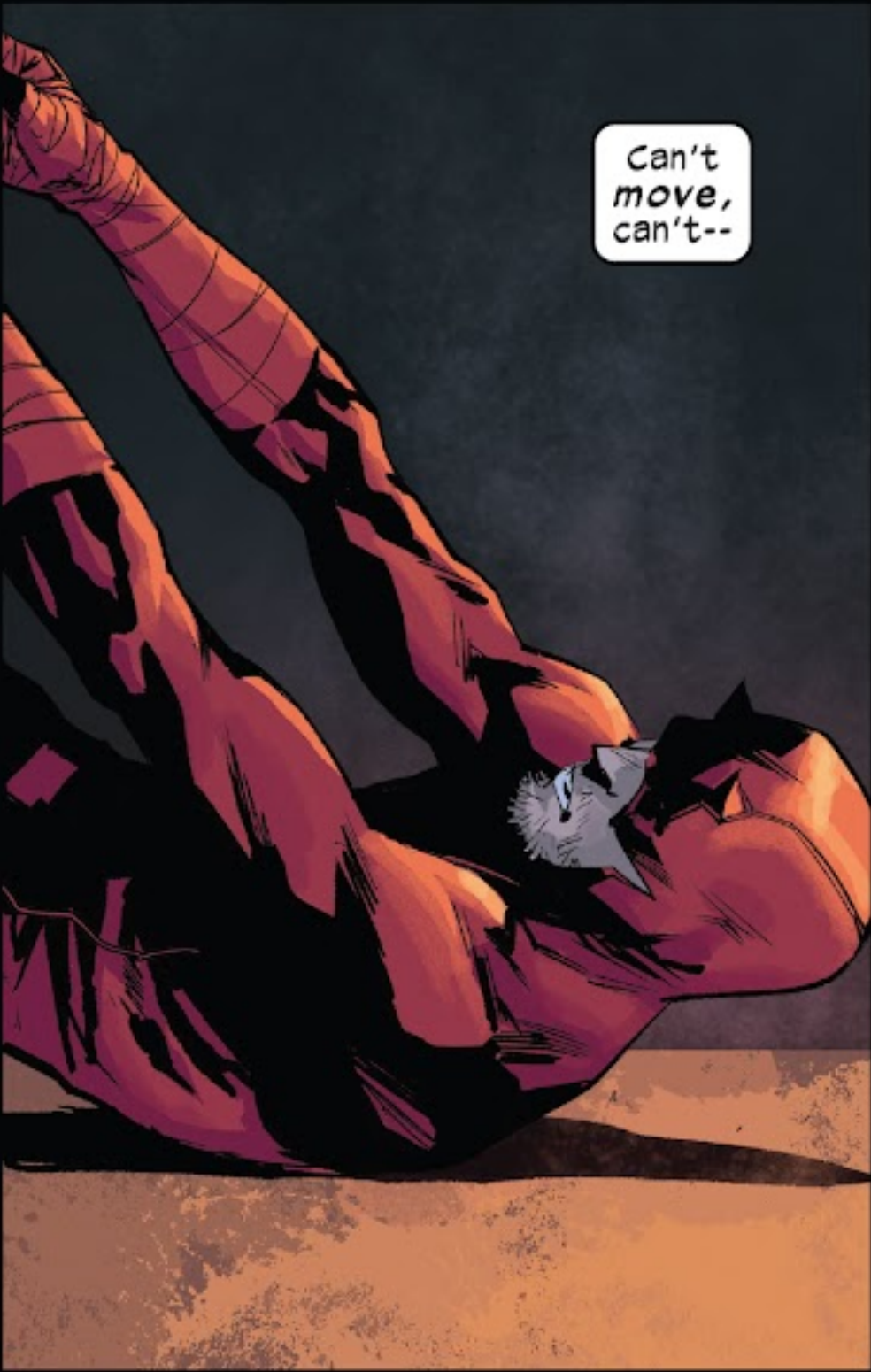
OURS
SHOW YOU AS
THE BEAST OF
THE FIST...



HRK--

...WHILE
WE'VE FOUND
OUR FIST OF
THE BEAST.

What's--
how did--?





THE
PROPHECY
NEEDS YOU
TO KNOW.

EVERYTHING
WILL COME TO
PASS.

WE'RE
JUST PLAYING
OUR PARTS.

THIS ENDS
AS IT'S SUPPOSED
TO:

THE
FIST FITS INTO
THE HAND.

AND
TO GET
THERE...

...YOU
NEED TO SUFFER
UNBELIEVABLE
LOSS.



Wait--I can
track her
now--she...

...she wants me to
know where she's--

N-no! Have
to...to get
up!



HRRRAH!

She
can't--can't
do this--





--but I have to pull the lever to send the careening, runaway trolley of my *enemies*...



**NEXT
ISSUE**





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